PLEASANT PICTURED

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PRESENTED IN MEMORY OF
GEORGE S. BRYAN
BY
ALICE S. BRYAN

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Sammie Bryen,
Presented by the South Hoover
Baptist Sunday School,
Nov. 19, 1882.

Pleasant Pictures

FOR

LITTLE PEOPLE.

PART I.

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
150 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

Summer Mornings.

Nettie Lee loved to go forth in the summer morning with her mother and little sister, and run about in the fresh green meadows, gathering buttercups and daisies and other fair wild flowers, making up pretty bouquets, or turning simple wreaths for her big straw hat. But best of all she loved to wander off alone and sit among the rocks, and watch the waters of the bay as they came beating up, like a great restless heart, filling up all the little openings with its crystal motion.

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Mother and sister May seeing Nettie thus seated one morning, came down to join her, and Nettie exclaimed, "O mother, I have been thinking all this while about my Sunday-school lesson, and the Sea of Galilee, and the blessed Jesus and his disciples—when the disciples had been out all night, and in the morning they saw the Lord standing on the shore, and he said to them, 'Children, have you any meat?' And they said 'No.' Then he bid them let down for the draught of fishes. O mother, how I wish I could see the Lord Jesus, just as he appeared to the disciples that morning, standing on the shore."

"We have the blessed Jesus always with us, my daughter," said the mother, "he is with you as you sit upon the shore, and though we may not see him with our bodily eyes, we should feel his presence. Learn to do his bidding, dear Nettie, and when he says to you, as he did to Simon Peter that same morning, 'Lovest thou me?' may you be able to answer from your heart, as did that chosen apostle, 'Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee.'"

Full of Pictures.

"All pictures, sister Cecil?" said the children.

"Yes, all pictures; come and see."

"Not one word of reading?" said Lizzie.

"No, not one word of reading," said Cecil. "We shall have to tell the reading ourselves."

"Why, what a funny book!" Let us read the pictures, sister. Oh, see, here is a boy with a big dog; he is loving him very hard. Poor fellow, let us pat him, Chubby." And Chubby's little hand was on the dog as she said "poor fellow," too.

"And see, sister Cecil, here is a picture of the big elephant who took the little boy on his trunk, and gave him back to his mother."

"And here is about the lambs, sister," said May. "Oh, please tell us the lamb story."

Sister Cecil took the book and looked carefully at the picture, and then told the story.

"Once there was a shepherd who had a large flock of sheep, and one of the sheep had two little lambs—little soft, curly things, as white as snow. One little lamb loved the pleasant pasture and the cool brook that sang through it, but the other lamb was always wandering off in search of a more pleasant place. One day this little lamb ran away into the shadows of a cool forest, and could not find its way home; when night came it was very much frightened by hearing the wolves howling all around.

"The next day the shepherd came to search for his lost lamb, and found it almost perished with cold and hunger, and he put it on his shoulders, and brought it home to the fold."

"Just like the good Shepherd in the Bible, sister," said Lizzie.

A Great Storm.

"Oh, if the Lord Jesus was only on that ship she would come safe to land," said Jemmy Slade, as he stood trembling on the beach, with his old grandmother clinging to him for support. "O granny, see the breakers roll over her! She is on the big rocks, and we can do nothing to save her!"

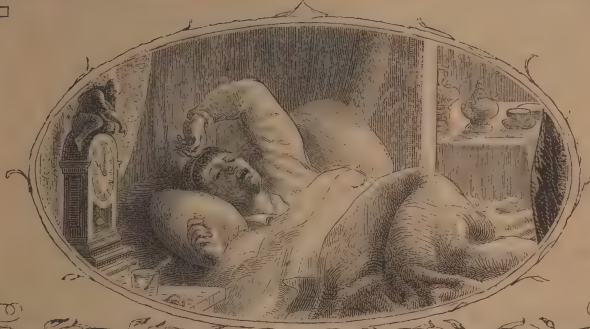
One old man, with long white hair floating in the wind, looked up as Jamie spoke, and said: "Jamie has spoken the right word: if the Lord Jesus was only on board the ship, he could bring

her safe to land. Neighbors, one and all, shall we not pray for Him to ccme and speak to the stormy winds and waves, and bring the vessel safe off?"

Every one knelt with uncovered head on the sand, and an earnest prayer went up to Him who holds the ocean in the hollow of his hand; who alone can make the storm cease so that the waves are still. It seemed as if the sight of the humble folk on the beach filled the hearts of the men on board with fresh hope; voices were lifted up in earnest prayer to God; and then once more all went to work with a will, the vessel was lightened, and in a little while there was a lull in the storm, the ship gradually floated out into deeper water, and they were saved.

"I think, granny," said Jamie, as they walked home, "I think the Lord Jesus must have come on board that ship himself; for it seemed as if there was no hope for them, till they cried to him."

"Yes, indeed, Jamie, the Lord Jesus heard their prayer, for he is full of compassion. They cried unto him in their distress, and he saved them. Yes, indeed, he was there among them."



Bad Dreams.

John Stein was a great glutton. When he was a little boy he was always stuffing himself with good things, would follow the cook around, begging for something nice to eat, or coax mamma for goodies of some kind or other. He looked like a glutton, too: his cheeks puffed out so far they half hid his eyes, and I don't know how his mouth looked, as I never saw him when he was not munching something. What do you think of him, little reader? I hope you will never follow his example.

The vice of gluttony increased upon John Stein, and he had many violent attacks of sickness caused by over-eating.

One evening he came home and ordered a hot supper which he enjoyed very much, and then taking a hot drink he went to bed.

He had not been long asleep before he was overtaken by fearful dreams, and had what is called "nightmare." He dreamed that a table was spread before him, and though its dainties were within his reach, he could not approach it to taste of them.

In the effort to reach it he awoke with great fear and trembling, and lying awake in the watches of the night, it seemed as if the Spirit of the Lord strove with him in his heart. "Ah," said he to himself, "this dream is a warning to me against the life I am leading; the glorious gospel feast has been often spread before me, and I have turned away, loving better my own appetites and pleasures." And he arose from his bed, and kneeling, he humbly prayed God to help him, and that by the aid of his Holy Spirit he might be fed with the true Bread of life, that cometh down from heaven."

"Blue Waters."

THERE was a small lake among the hills where I lived when a child, which was very beautiful. There was an Indian name for the lake, which signified, "Lake of blue waters," so it always went by the name of "Blue Waters." It was calm and bright as a mirror, and of the clearest blue; high hills and rocky bluffs enclosed it, but on the southern side there was a broad opening from the meadow to the water's edge. We had light skiffs in which we loved to float out upon "Blue Waters," and we

children would dip our little hands into the rippling surface, and "push the waters along," as we used to say.

Then we would row to the opposite bank, about a mile from the meadow, and pick whortleberries in our little tin pails. Some children had seen rattlesnakes among the bushes, and Susie Brace once said she plainly heard a snake shaking his rattle; so we were very careful not to go where we might meet such unpleasant company. Brother Willie said he "could kill any serpent he met, with a big club he always carried." Perhaps he might, but we found that when danger was near, he could run away faster than any of the girls.

Mother told us very often that she wished we could learn to avoid sin and its consequences, as we did the dangers apprehended from the snakes among the bushes. Not that we need be cowards, mother said, but if assailed by deadly evil, come forth and fight with the weapons of the Christian. But learn to avoid all dangerous places of amusement, and evil company, for they are just dens of vipers.

Doggie's Supper.

Charlie Grey is a very kind-hearted little boy; he is kind to his brothers and sisters, and to his schoolmates; he also loves all kinds of animals, and is kind to cats, and dogs, and birds, and all living things.

One afternoon, as he was returning from school, he met Jim Stokes, with a shaggy-looking dog under his arm.

"Come along with me, Charlie," said Jim; "I am going to the brook to give this dog a ducking;

he is a snarling little fellow, and will fight for his life, but we will pelt him with stones if he tries to come ashore."

"Poor little fellow," said Charlie; "do you mean to drown him? If so, do it at once, and don't teaze the poor doggie. He is a bright-looking dog; what will you take for him?"

"Oh, I'll sell him cheap, Charlie; you may have him for two shillings, and I lose my dog and the sport of drowning him."

Charlie Grey counted out his pennies and gave them to Jim, and then took the dog in his arms, and started for home.

The shaggy creature looked as though he had heard all that had been said, and barked for joy, wagging his tail as if much pleased. A bed was made for doggie in a half barrel in the shed, and Charlie brought him part of his own supper, for he was very hungry. Charlie and doggie became great friends. Many a happy hour have they spent together; and many a good turn the dog has done him; so that he feels very thankful that he saved him from Jim Stokes and a watery grave.

A Turkish City.

The figure of a crescent or full moon is always borne upon the Turkish flag or national standard, and one can always recognize a Turkish city in a picture or elsewhere, by seeing the figure of a crescent upon the towers and mosques of the city.

The Turks are not Christians, but followers of a prophet called Mohammed, who was born in the city of Mecca in Arabia, about six hundred years after Christ. The book which the Mohammedans use instead of our Bible, is called the Koran or

Alcoran, which word means, "The Book," or "The Readings," just as our word Bible means "The Book."

Their churches are called "mosques," and are square buildings of stone, with a square court in front. About every mosque are six high towers, called "minarets," each of which has three little open galleries, one above another; and from these towers, instead of a bell, the people are called to prayer at certain hours of the day by men appointed for the purpose.

In the city of Constantinople are over three hundred mosques. The imperial mosques, fifteen in number, are called the finest in the world. The Mohammedans are not allowed to enter the mosques with shoes or stockings on, but must take them off at the entrance. The pavements are covered with pieces of stuff sewed together, wide enough to hold a row of men sitting or kneeling.

The Mohammedans hold their Koran in great reverence, and dare not touch it without being first washed; and it is read with great care and respect. But it does not show them the Saviour.

Through the Snow.

Pierre Launte and his little boy once came very near perishing in a snow-storm upon the mountains. They had been to a distant height to visit a sick man, and soon after they turned on their homeward track a heavy storm set in, almost blinding the travellers with the beating wind and snow.

They all had stout staves in their hands, which were of great assistance to them as they climbed from peak to peak, breasting the storm. But after a while the snow drifted so in the passes, that little

Franz sank exhausted with the efforts made to press on, and his father raised him and bearing him in his arms, travelled on till his own strength failed him.

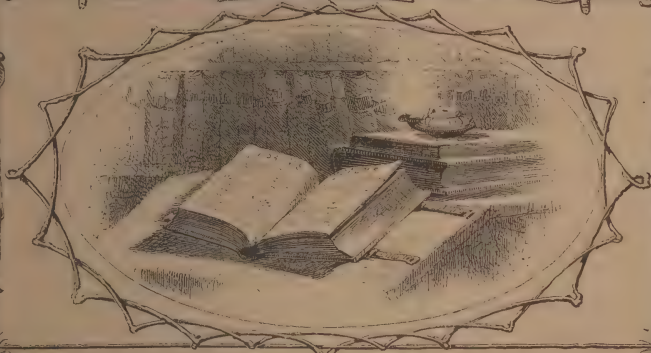
"Wont God come and help us, father, and take us to a safe place?" said little Franz.

"We 'll ask him, my boy," said Pierre. And there, upon the drifting snow, father and son knelt and prayed that He who walked upon the waves of the Sea of Galilee, would come to them in their distress, and save them.

"I feel stronger now, father," said the boy as he arose from his knees, "and I can walk round the point of the cliff where the wind is not so strong. See, see, father!" And below, in a sheltered nook, a little light trembled like a star.

"It must be a shepherd's cabin, Franz," said Pierre. "We may find shelter there till morning."

So with fresh courage they pressed on through the blinding storm, Pierre carefully guiding little Franz till they reached a rude cabin where was a bright fire of pine boughs, and they rested till morning. God indeed heard their prayer, and saved them from perishing in the snow.



A Lamp unto My Feet.

I HOPE that all who look at this picture of the Holy Bible, and the lamp as a symbol burning near it, will know where to look for this beautiful verse: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." The text will be found in the hundred and nineteenth psalm, at the hundred and fifth verse. All through this long psalm of a hundred and seventy-six verses, the sweet singer of Israel, the psalmist David, speaks in most every verse of the love he has unto God's word, and of walking in

God's commandments, and keeping his testimonies, statutes, and judgments.

He says in one verse, "How sweet are thy words unto my taste, yea, sweeter than honey unto my mouth;" and in another verse, "The word of thy mouth is better to me than thousands of gold and silver." And in the beautiful verse we have already quoted, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

Thus we see how precious was the blessed word of God to king David; and shall not we be wise if we take the word of God for our lamp and our light? Following its guiding rays it will lead us into the path that leads to everlasting life.

And if we take the word of God for a light unto our path, how safely would we be protected amid the dangers that encompass us; for it would enable us to see the snares and pitfalls that lie in our path. We can all have the light of the glorious gospel for our guide if we will; our heavenly Father has offered it to us all, he is not willing that one of his little ones should perish in the darkness of sin. May God guide our feet into the way of life.

Studying.

Jenny Lewis never will neglect her studies. If she has a lesson to learn, she will go in a room by herself, and take her books and sit right down and go to work cheerfully and pleasantly—no cross looks, as if it were a punishment.

One day mamma had gone visiting, and Jenny had to study her French verbs, and her spelling and geography lessons; so she went into the library where it was quiet, and commenced her task. By-and-by her little sister Alice came in and said,

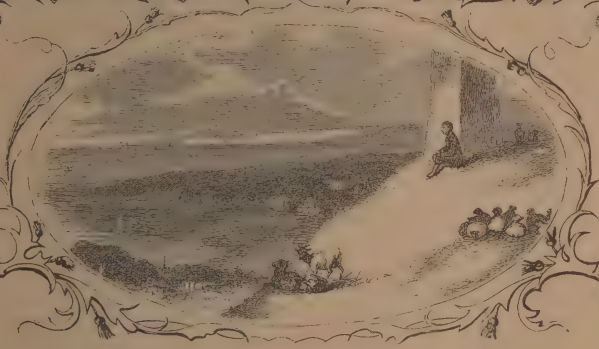
"Please, Jenny, come and play in my cubby-house. I have got Pussy and Ponty, and I want my Jenny."

Jenny said, "Pretty soon, Ally; let me study a little longer, and then I will play with you."

So little Ally ran away to her cubby-house, and Jenny soon conquered her lessons, and put away her books, and went and had a nice play with dear little Ally. "Oh," said she to herself, as she ran down the stairs, "how much more I shall enjoy my play now all my lessons are learned; now, Ally, we 'll have a merry time." And they did have a very merry time, and Pussy and Ponty behaved their very best.

When mamma came home she felt very glad that her little daughter had studied her lessons well before she began to play. "You will always feel happier, my dear children," said mamma, "if you do not allow pleasure, however tempting, to interfere with your daily duties."

It is a good rule for every one to remember, "Duty before pleasure." But we are very apt to forget this good rule, just at the moment when we most need to bear it in mind.



Islands in the Sea.

THERE is a group of islands, seven in number, off the coast of New Hampshire, and about ten miles from the main land, which are called, "The Isles of Shoals." They are formed by abrupt rocks coming right up out of the deep sea. On one of them is a lighthouse only, on another only two fishermen's houses. One island has quite a little settlement upon it, and a little church and parsonage, and a small hotel; this is Star Island, or Gosport. The largest island was formerly called Smut-

ty-nose, but now is called Appledore, and has a very large hotel upon it, and is quite a place of summer resort. The other islands, called "Hog Island," "Duck Island," and "Londoners" are small and uninhabited.

The large island, Appledore, is just a ledge of rocks, barely covered with soil sufficient for a few huckleberry and bayberry bushes. A few sheep find a scanty living here, and one horse is kept here during the summer months.

But all around is the great, glorious blue sea, dashing against the big boulders, and flinging the snowy spray in showers into the air. The sea is dotted with the white sails of the fishermen's boats, which look like doves upon the billows. It is delightful to sit upon these rough rocks and look out over the waste of waters with their ceaseless beating, and see the ships and steamers pass by, on their way to distant harbors, perhaps across the ocean. The little sheep and goats that have their home here look over the great sea as if it were a pleasant pasture land; poor, silly things, they know no other home than the bleak and dreary Isles of Shoals.

Grandpapa.

The children were all very happy when they saw grandpapa coming in the gate. With a shout and a bound they all ran out to meet him, and boys and girls swarmed over the dear old man, like bees about a hive. Oh, he was such a good and kind grandfather, no wonder they all loved him!

The children all went to Aunt Mary's school, and a very happy time they had of it; and grandpapa came to see them whenever he could, and Aunt Mary always gave them a half-holiday when-

ever he came to visit them. Sometimes he would have his big, many-seated carriage piled up with the children, and all would go off in the country for a nice long drive; sometimes it was his big flat-bottomed boat, into which they all were tumbled, and they drifted up and down the lake, and grandfather the merriest of the merry.

The most severe punishment that Aunt Mary could inflict on any of her scholars was, to keep them in the house on one of "grandpapa's days." They never knew when he was coming; so as Nettie Bliss said, "They had to keep good all the time; and that would please grandpapa and Aunt Mary best."

And we are sure it would please our dear Lord, who loves to have all his children do his good will all the time. We never know when He himself will come, to take us, if we love Him, into his own blessed home, which is more glorious and happy than we can possibly imagine. Let us, therefore, be always ready for his coming, be happy in his love, and long for the hour when we shall see him face to face, as the happiest in our lives.

The Garden of Eden.

It is impossible for us to imagine how beautiful the garden of Eden must have been. In the second chapter of the book of Genesis, we read, "The Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man whom he had formed. And a river went out of Eden to water the garden, and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads."

The garden is called Paradise, which word means, "a garden with trees."

Adam and Eve were placed in this beautiful

garden, and God told them that they might eat of the fruit of every tree but one, the fruit of "the tree of knowledge of good and evil," which was in the midst of the garden; they must not eat it or touch it, for the day they ate thereof they should surely die.

But alas, the tempter was even in the perfect garden of Paradise; and he told the woman that she would not die if she ate thereof. She listened to his voice, and tasted of the fruit, and gave unto her husband, and he ate of it. And when the Lord God called unto them, they hid, for they knew that they had disobeyed him.

Ah, do we not all wish to hide from the face of our Almighty Father when we have broken his commandments? Hide from our best Friend! whose love is worth everything to us, and under whose displeasure we can never find happiness! No, instead of this, let us fall before his footstool, and say, "Father, I have sinned;" and then plead for mercy in the dear name of Him who said to the penitent thief upon the cross, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

Father's Library.

"What a good place for study is father's library," said George Gordon, as he quietly opened the door, and stepped toward the small table on which his books were piled; for one corner of this library was always kept for George; he had his table and his inkstand, and pens and paper, and his own books were kept on the corner shelves, just where he could reach them easily.

When George had lessons to learn, he would sit in the big chair, and with his book before him

on the table, would study as hard as he could; and then when he thought he had learned them thoroughly, he would walk up and down the room, and repeat them aloud over and over again, until he had them perfectly. Sometimes he would stand his book upon the table, and study standing up, "to rest himself," he used to say.

But George had a good many books beside "study books" on his shelves in father's library. I saw the "Scottish Chiefs" in bright scarlet binding, and "Robinson Crusoe" dressed in blue, and some of Oliver Optic's wonderful stories, and many books of history, and lives of great and good men; and best of all, God's holy word, the Book of books, which he loved and reverenced, and in which he read daily those precious truths which can alone give him true wisdom.

George made it a rule to come in here every morning, no matter how pleasant it was out of doors, or how great a hurry he was in, and learn one verse in the Bible for the day; and then to thank God for his care and goodness, and ask help to live as a Christian boy should.

A Church Spire.

How pleasantly the little villages look as they lie hidden among their beautiful trees and shrubs, as we fly past them on the noisy railroad train! But the pleasantest feature in the whole scene is the sight of the pretty church spires, which point up high above the trees and houses, like a finger, to show us the way to heaven, and make us think, here is a place where God is worshipped.

When I was a little girl, we lived very near a large church. It was just at the foot of our gar-

den. It had a fine belfry and spire, and on the spire was a vane, which turned with every change of the wind. The vane was the figure of a man, and I used to look up to it in wonder, because people said it was most as large as my father; but it looked very little up so high. We children wished a great many times, that in some great storm that vane would be blown down, and that big gilt man would be found on one of our garden beds. But it never did blow down; it has been in its place, and held its high position for sixty-three years, and looks as bright and as firm as ever.

This steeple with its spire and vane can be seen at a great distance, and sailors say that in coming into the port, it is the first thing that meets their eyes, and is always a joyful sight to them, for it seems like home.

How pleasant for a sailor to have such a landmark to look forward to, at the end of a long voyage, and then to go up to the house of God and thank him for a safe return. May we all keep in view at the end of our life-voyage, the golden temple of our Lord, and give him thanks in it for ever.

Reading to the Sick.

The kind minister has come in to sit by poor John Harvey, and to read to him from God's holy word. Mr. Harvey has been very sick for a long while, and now the doctor thinks he is getting a little better; but though his body is gaining strength, he says he has a sin-sick soul, which is harder to bear than the fierce attack of fever which has been coursing through his veins.

"Oh, Mr. Brice," said he to the good man who came to read and pray with him, "will God forgive

me for all my sins? Please read me where King David mourned for his great offences." And Mr. Brice turned to the fifty-first Psalm: "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness," etc., and then, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me;" "Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me."

"There," said John, "the Psalmist felt just as I do; he acknowledged his sins, and pleads for pardon. O Lord, help me!"

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin, Mr. Harvey," said the minister. "Here is another verse in the fifty-fifth psalm: 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee.' Just come to him, trusting not in your own righteousness, but in his manifold and great mercy, and you shall find rest for your soul; for Jesus Christ will wash away your sins in his own blood. When I read to any one the words of Christ, I know that He himself speaks them and means them; as though he sat in my place and spoke them."

Pat and Daisy.

One morning Annie and Amy Ellis, who belonged to the "early to rise" family, went out on the piazza quite early, and what do you think they found there? Why, two dear little kittens curled up in the big Shaker chair, fast asleep. They were not little bits of kittens, who did not have their eyes open, but they were lively, brisk little kittens, big enough to play and run around. Nobody knew how they came there, or where they came from; but there they were, and they were immediately

adopted into the Ellis family, Annie claiming one, and Amy the other.

"Now let us ask Aunt Carrie to name our darling pussies," said they. Aunt Carrie told them that when she was a little girl, she had two cunning kittens, and she called them "Dot and Daisy." The children thought they were very pretty names, and so Annie's was named Dot, and Amy's Daisy.

The kittens were just as cunning as they could be, and the children tried to teach them to be neat in their habits, and they really only had one bad trick, and that was, they very apt to put their paws right into the plate they were fed from, and Miss Dot often sat down in her saucer of milk, and Annie said she was a very greedy little pussy.

Annie and Amy had a nice bed made for them in a box on the piazza, and they never forgot to feed them; and they had strings and balls for them to play with, and let them run the garden, and I do not believe there were ever two happier kittens than Dot and Daisy Ellis. They were in a Christian family, where the Golden Rule was in force, and the law of kindness.

Catching a Fly.

"What harm has that poor fly done to you, Peter March, that you must leave book and slate and try to catch him on the closet door?"

"Oh, he does nothing but buzz and stick; and I don't like buzzing, and I hate flies any way; they never keep still, and I don't see what use they are in the world, I am sure."

"Suppose, Peter, you stop a moment. Don't kill the poor fly; let us put this tumbler over him, and then look at him through my magnifying glass,

and I think after we have examined him a little, you will not want to kill him even if he does buzz." So we looked at the little house-fly through the glass, and he really seemed quite like a different creature; we could count his curious feet, and see his bright eyes, and wonder at the transparent beauty of his wings, till he really seemed a very interesting creature.

"Now, Peter," said I to the boy as he watched the fly walking round and round under the tumbler, "do you think that God would have made this fly in such a perfect manner, every part as complete as yours or mine, and made him only to teaze boys, that boys might kill him at their pleasure? Every little insect holds its right to life from God's hand, as really as we do; and God cares for him. Remember, we have no right to take a life we cannot give, without some good and sufficient reason; and whenever you feel disposed to kill an insect, say to yourself, "God made this little creature for some good, I must not destroy his handiwork." Troublesome insects we may exclude from our houses, but must not needlessly harm any living thing.

Little Daisy's Grave.

"Does our little Daisy lie in this small bed, mother?" said Jenny Bliss, as she stood with her mother beside a little turf-clad grave, with the name of "Daisy Bliss, aged one year and three months," upon the small gray headstone in the old churchyard, where many of the villagers lie sleeping.

"Yes, Jenny, our Daisy's form lies here; but her spirit, the part that cannot die, is with the Saviour in heaven."

"Did not our Daisy *all* go to heaven, mother?

I saw her in the box with the flowers, and I thought she was so precious that God wanted to take her *all* to heaven; the dear little hands and feet, and the blue eyes, and the silken curls so soft. I did not know we kept her, and put her in the ground, for I was so sick, then, mamma."

"God took little Daisy's soul from her body, and our darling's form lay like a cast-off dress; the little hands and feet could not move, and the dear eyes could not open and shut, and the body which God had made of the dust of the ground, is laid again in the earth because God said so; and by-and-by when he is ready, he will raise this body from the grave and give to it life, and soul and body united and glorified will dwell with the angels and blessed Jesus in heaven. What beautiful and fragrant flowers often grow from very small and homely seeds, buried out of sight in the ground. So we will guard this precious grave, and rejoice that our little lamb is safe with the good Shepherd, where she can be sick no more, and be ever blessed and happy with Him, like a lamb in green pastures and beside still waters.

A Pleasant Scene.

Mother has taken her work, and is sitting outside the cottage door, this lovely summer evening; she looks very calm and happy as she plies the busy needle, thinking soon her husband will return with the little ones who have run forth to meet him.

Ah, here they come; what a merry shout as father comes in sight, with his spade and his rake over his shoulders.

"I'll take your rake, father," said little Susie. "I'll take the spade, father," said little Josie. So

the children took the spade and rake to the tool-house, and father went to the pump in the yard and washed his tired hands and sunburnt face, and made them shine on the clean, drying towel behind the kitchen door.

They had much to tell him about, that had happened since he went away in the morning to work; and their lively prattle was more refreshing to him than the cool water. He had thought of them a great many times during the day, and the love that warmed his heart made his labor light.

Mother now laid aside her work, and put the nice supper upon the neatly spread table. How brown the nice bacon looked, how white the bread, and the butter looked like gold.

"It will be easy to thank God for such a nice supper, wont it, father?" said little Susie.

"Yes, Susie, and we will all thank him for it." So they all bowed their heads, and he said, "O Lord, we thank thee for the nice food thou hast given to us. Let us always bless thee for everything thou givest us, and make us all thy children, for thy dear Son's sake. Amen."

Jerusalem.

The city of Jerusalem, of which we read so much in the Bible, was the chief city in the holy land, and to Christians the most illustrious city in the world. The most ancient name of this city was Salem; but it received the name of Jerusalem when its fortress was stormed by David; and it was also called the city of David.

But the chief glory of Jerusalem was, that in its magnificent temple the one living and true God dwelt and revealed himself.

This holy temple was built on Mount Moriah, and is said to have stood on the same place where Abraham was about to offer up his son Isaac. The honor of building this first temple was reserved for Solomon, the son of king David, and the whole model and plan of the structure was made by God himself. The foundations were laid by Solomon over a thousand years before Christ came upon the earth.

In the temple, prayers and praises and sacrifices were offered every day in the year, until Christ, our Passover Lamb, was sacrificed for us. Then the temple soon passed away.

The ancient Jerusalem was surrounded by walls, which encircled the whole of Mount Moriah and Mount Zion.

We love to read that Jesus Christ himself, when upon earth, often walked in the streets of this city, and himself worshipped in the holy temple. It was in this city that he was brought before Pontius Pilate, and condemned to death; and just without the walls he was crucified, and here he lay in the sepulchre: and on the third day arose, and came forth from the grave, and appeared to his disciples.

About the Child Jesus.

Little Lillie is learning to read. She knows all the letters, and can spell words of one syllable very well, and is trying to learn the longer words, and we think she will very soon. Many times has her dear mother told her the ever new old story about the child Jesus, who was born in a stable in Bethlehem, and laid in a manger. Lillie loved to hear the beautiful story, and one day her mother read her the words from the big Bible, and Lillie thought a great deal about it. So one day she said to her

mother, "Please, mamma, let Lillie read the words in the big book, about the babe of Bethlehem."

So mamma took the Bible, and let Lillie trace out with her little finger the precious words how the Lord of glory was born in Bethlehem, and his mother Mary wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger because there was no room for him in the inn. Then came the story of the shepherds watching their flocks by night, when "the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone about them," and the good tidings of great joy was told to them.

Ah, little Lillie, this is indeed a wondrous story which we all love to read, that the child Jesus was indeed the Lord of glory, "born a child, yet God, our King." We hope, when Lillie gets to be a big girl, she will still love to read in God's holy word, and that it will be a lamp unto her feet, and a light unto her path.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given.
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

In Full Sail.

The good ship "Spread Eagle" is in full sail. See how she cuts through the great waves! She is bounding over the waters as if she were alive. No wonder the canvas is all spread to catch the fresh breeze, for the ship is homeward bound; she will be in port before night, God willing, and many homes will be made glad as the wanderers are welcomed home from their long voyage over the deep.

On board this ship now in full sail, are our little friends Julia and Frank Percy. They have been

away from home for over a year, with their father and mother, and little Alice and Harry were left at home with nurse and dear grandmamma. Oh, how the children watch the swelling sails, and strain their eyes to look ahead to see if land is not in sight. "O mother, mother!" said Julia, "I think I see a little strip of something that looks like land; but no, I guess my eyes are tired, it is only a bank of clouds. I was thinking, mother," she continued, "if our Lord lets us go away across the ocean, and brings us back safely all alive and well, that we must feel that He will always take care of us, and we must not be troubled."

"Yes, my daughter, God will always take care of us if we trust in him. We have seen more than one severe storm on the ocean, but God has delivered us from all danger. He who on the Sea of Galilee said to the wind, 'Be still!' and there was a great calm, has all power in heaven and on earth, and knows when to bring his people safe home to heaven. But look, Julia, that is not a bank of clouds we see in the distance; it is land! Thank God, we shall soon be at home."

Very Sick.

"You have been a good son to me, Charles; and now I am going to leave you for ever. I am a very sick man, and in a few days my life's story will be told.

"I want to speak to you of your mother. I know that my children will always be kind to her, though they all have other interests and other cares. Let your mother live on in the old home, it will be better for her; old folks need quiet; she will be happier here even without me, than anywhere else

in the world. Let the little folks come to see her every day, if possible; her humble home will always be a pleasant gathering-place for you all. Tell George and Bessie what I say, if I don't see them again.

"And what I say to you, I say to them: bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; teach them to honor their parents, and to keep the Sabbath-day holy. You have chosen a good part, my son, in devoting your life to the service of God as a minister in his church on earth. Oh, remember that a dying father says, as our blessed Lord said to Peter, 'Feed the lambs;' look after the little ones of your flock, for of such is the Saviour's precious fold. See that the children learn to love as well as to fear the Lord. Bring them very early to Christ.

"The little ones will grow up with you in your church, and will be helpers to you in the great work in your Master's vineyard. And now, farewell. There may be no to-morrow on earth for me; God grant we, and all whom we love, may meet at last in heaven."

Balak and Balaam.

We read in God's holy word, in the book of Numbers, the story of Balak, king of Moab, and Balaam, who was a diviner and soothsayer of the city of Pethor on the Euphrates. It seems that the children of Israel, in their wanderings, at one time pitched their tents in the plains of Moab; and the king of Moab seeing the multitude, and fearing they would attack his country, sent for this Balaam the soothsayer, who was very famous, to come and curse Israel.

But though Balaam was very eager for gain, he told the messengers he must first ask counsel of God, and God forbade his going with the men, and he did not dare to disobey.

Then the king of Moab sent other messengers; and finally, without the approval of God, Balaam went with them. But the angel of God met him on the way, as we read in the miracle of the dumb ass speaking to him, and again warned him not to comply with the wishes of Balak.

Balaam commanded Balak to build seven altars, and prepare seven oxen and seven rams, and then Balaam said he would go up to a high place, and the Lord would come to meet him, and He would put the right word in his mouth.

And the Lord bade Balaam to bless the children of Israel, and not to curse them.

Then Balak took Balaam to a second and a third high place, and offered bullocks and rams as burnt-offerings. But the Lord would not let Balaam curse his chosen people. He made him bless them, and also foretell the most wonderful of all earthly events, the coming of Jesus Christ.

"What is the Matter?"

"What is the matter? what is the matter? please don't cry so;" and brother Fred kneeled on the floor by his little sister, whom he found sitting at the foot of the stairs, and crying as if her heart would break.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," sobbed Annie, "father is very sick, and I know he will die. Then we will have no father. What shall we do? what shall we do?" and Annie threw her arms around Freddie's neck, and they wept together.

"But crying do n't help father or mother either," said Fred. "God can help us all. Come into my little room, and let us tell Him all our troubles." And checking their sobs, the children went into Freddie's room, and kneeling by the low bed, in simple words told our Father in heaven of their great sorrow, and asked Him for help and comfort.

"We shall feel better now, brother," said Annie. "Let us go easy, and see if we cannot help mother." They met their mother just coming from father's room. "He is asleep," she said, "and you darlings may go in and watch by him till I come back."

They sat by the bedside of their sick father, and I think prayers to God went up from their hearts all the while for his recovery. The doctor came in, and said he was no worse ; and in a few days father was really better. Who can tell but what the prayers of these little ones found favor with the Lord?

And how kind he is, to tell us over and over again, that we may bring all our wants and wishes and cares to him, and leave them in his hands, and be sure that he will interest himself about them all. It is better than to be a king's son.

A Hunting Party.

In English stories we read a great deal about the delights of the chase, of the huntsman and his horn, and of dogs trained for the hunt—and the merry times they had chasing a deer, or hare, or fox; and the chase is still in high repute among the old English families.

But as I have never been in England, I shall have to tell about hunting in Western New York many years ago, when I visited my brother who himself was a great hunter, and who often went off

with large parties in search of deer, or rabbits, or foxes and other small game. There was what is called "a salt-lick" near the village, that is, a little spring of salt water in the meadow under the hill, which was frequented by cattle, and deer when any were around.

One morning there was a light fall of snow upon the ground, and my brother came in after breakfast and said some deer had been tracked to the salt-lick, and a party of huntsmen with the hounds were going out to find them.

How bright and excited they all seemed, ready for the chase, the noble hounds baying with impatience to start.

Four deer were killed by the party that morning, and one of the four was brought to my brother's house, suspended on a long pole by his hind and fore legs.

He was a beautiful creature, and though the venison was very nice, I felt as if I wished that they had let the beautiful deer live in the thick woods, and not gone out on a hunting party to shoot him.

The Sailing Party.

"Can the children go, too, papa?"

"Oh, yes, my dears," said papa. "No pleasure party seems just right to me and to your mamma, unless we take the children. It will be something of a picnic too, for we will take baskets with some nice things in them, and land at the 'Point,' and eat our lunch in the grove."

Oh, how happy the children were, that papa could leave his business, and mamma her work at home, and enjoy a sailing party and a picnic with

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the children. They were not like some boys and girls, always seeking pleasure out of their parents sight.

Oh, what a lovely sail they had on the broad river, and what a lovely time in the grove, where the lunch was spread, and the children played in the meadows and among the trees. And then when the fragments were gathered up and put in the baskets, all went back to the boats.

It was a very warm evening, and the breeze was pleasant to them all as they moved over the water. Then the children sang some very beautiful hymns, and stories were told, and everything was delightful.

By-and-by the bright moon arose, and came sailing up the blue heavens, and was reflected in the rippling water; and no one seemed willing to say it was time to go home, until one of the party arose, and said, "Let us praise God in singing the great doxology,

"'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,'"

and with these notes of praise the happy day was finished.

Determined to Learn.

Jack Bowline was always a hard-working boy, and had very few advantages in the way of going to school, and of learning to read and study. He was fourteen years old before he could read well, and when he found how little he knew compared with other boys of his age, he was determined to learn, and so never neglected an opportunity to read and study.

There is an old saying, "Where there is a will, there is a way;" and Jack had a strong will, and

was bound to find a way, and *make time* for studying.

As soon as he was old enough, he shipped as a sailor on a merchantman; and though he was pretty busy all the while, he always had a book in his pocket, and would take it out every chance he had, to read. "Five minutes is better than nothing," he would say; "and putting a good many five minutes together, I'll get through this book sometime or other." So he keeps on, and book after book is thoroughly studied, and he will be a good scholar if he keeps on a few years longer, though perhaps not so learned as "the learned blacksmith."

Now, little boys, will you not follow the example of studious Jack Bowline, and not say, "I have no time to study"? *Make* the time; and you will never repent of it. Take Jack's motto for yours, and remember, "Where there is a will, there is a way." I have heard of an eminent man, living in the north of England, who learned the Latin and French languages, while going to and fro with messages as an errand-boy in the streets of Manchester.

Wigwams.

The North American Indians are a wandering people, and they do not settle in villages and build comfortable houses as the white people do.

Their houses are only a kind of tent, which they call "Wigwams," and are generally constructed in a very simple manner. Long poles are driven into the ground in a circle, and made to meet at the top, and then birch bark is put over the poles. There is a hole in the top or roof, through which the smoke escapes. When the Indians move from

a place they do not take the stakes with them, but they roll up the birch bark, and carry it away to build a new tent with. When they have no birch bark they use rushes or evergreens.

Sometimes the wigwams are nicely covered with rushes woven together. A blanket or old shawl is fastened over the door or opening, and is lifted when one enters. In winter they cut branches from pine trees, and pile them around their wigwams, to make them warm and comfortable. You have to stoop on entering a wigwam, and cannot stand up very well when you get in, as the smoke fills all the upper part.

The fire is made in the middle of the room, and mats or the skins of wild animals are spread on the ground, and on these they sit by day and sleep at night.

All their worldly goods, in the way of clothing or provisions, are kept tied up in sacks or bags, and these bags are generally used for pillows also. When they lie down to sleep, they wrap themselves in their blankets. Often families of from four to ten persons live in one of these wigwams.

Rosa's Kitten.

Rosa has the prettiest little kitten I ever saw: she has a white face, and a black head and ears. Her little white paws are just as soft as velvet. Kitty is the only pet Rosa has. She has no brothers or sisters, and her home is on a large farm; she has no neighbor's children to come in and play with her, and so she just loves the little pussy as hard as she can. She has a little bed made up for it under the dresser in the kitchen, and sings it to sleep every night, but its naps are only "cat-

naps," and kitty will be up and out of her box before Rosa can get out of the kitchen. She tells the kitten long stories about birds and mice, and she thinks the little cat understands all she says to it—and perhaps she does.

Kitty is very fond of milk, and Rosa is always quick to see if the saucer is empty; then she will take it, and wash it at the pump, and wipe it dry, and fill it with fresh milk, and Kitty will put in her little red tongue and lick up the milk, and then "weave and spin" as old Polly says, just to show how pleased she is with the milk, and how she loves little Rosa.

I love to see Rosa with her kitten, because she is very kind and gentle with it, and never teazes it or makes it naughty.

Did you ever think what a wise and kind Being it was that made these "domestic animals" as we call them, that love to live with men? And how could a better choice have been made than of the cow, the horse, the dog, the cat, the barn-yard fowl, and the sheep? Every one is useful in its own way, and happy under the care of man.